Moderation Display'd:

A

POEM.

——— Neq; tempore in ullo
Esse queat duplici natura, & corpore bino
Ex alienigenis membris compacta potestas.
Lucret. lib. 5.

By the Author of Faction Display'd.

London: Printed in the Year 1705.

Moderation Display'd:

A

POEM.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Ne quid nimis in vita.
Ella quasi duplici natura, & corpore bino
Ex alterius membris compacta potestas.
Lucret. lib. 5.

By the Author of Faction Display'd.

London: Printed in the Year 1705.

PREFACE.

AT a Time when we are Celebrating the Successes of our Arms Abroad, and the Wisdom of our Councils at Home; when there seems to be no room left for Complaints, and the Nation is only prepared to receive Panegyrick: I am sensible, a Piece of this kind will be severely censur'd. For those, that are taken up with the present Appearances of Things, who are by much the greatest Part of the World, will be apt to say, It is unseasonable at least, if not false and malicious. But I hope, others who are not content with such superficial Views, (and to such only I would write) will see the Reason and Truth of what I have said, and own that it could not be more seasonably unterr'd than at this very Juncture, when we are lull'd with too much Security, and by that means may give opportunity to a New Set of Men to ruine both Church and State with their New Politicks. But if this Poem came out with all the Advantages imaginable, I am not yet grown so Errant an Author, as to think because the first Part met with a favourable Reception, that I am now therefore priviledg'd to dictate to the Reader's Judgment, and to ascribe to my own Merit what was only owing to his Candour, or perhaps Partiality. Be that the Business of Dedicating Poets, I have no Ambition of gaining the Reputation of one: 'Tis the last Thing I should desire.

My Aim is of another sort, and I am abundantly rewarded, if I have been able to contribute any thing to the Publick Service by detecting the Principles and Practices of this New Party, who have assum'd to themselves a very specious Name and Character, and would be thought the only Patriots of their Country. But false Friends are the most dangerous Enemies, and they are yet much more so when they are invested with Power, and the Ministration of Affairs wholly put into their Hands. 'Tis to be wish'd there were no Occasion for Invectives of this kind, that Great Men did always execute their Trusts, and perform their Duty, and were only the Objects of our Esteem and Admiration. But when the Case is quite otherwise, when they become treacherous and betray the Authority delegated to them; 'tis fit they should hear of their Faults, and the People be undeceiv'd, who are grosly imposed upon by the servile Flatteries of Hireling Scriblers, a Generation of Animals that always infest the Doors of Men in Power; and tho' one would think their Trash could never pass upon the Moderate, the Grave, and the Wise, yet they are sometimes thought worthy of Pensions, and Places of 1200 l. a Year.

It is indeed the just Prerogative of the Throne to be approach'd with Humility and Petitions, even where the Subjects have Grievances to represent: But I know of no such Homage due to its Officers; nor can I yet be convinced, that it is an arrogant Presumption in private Persons (as some would have it) to examine and censure the Actions of Publick Ministers, who (say they) being neareſt the Helm, are consequently best able to judge of what ought, and ought not to be done; whereas Men in a remote Sphere, & at a distance, cannot possibly enter into the Councils of State, and must therefore determine rashly, and without Knowledge: This is a Doctrine necessary to be preach'd up in Despotick and Arbitrary Governments, where all is transacted in the Cabinet, where the Will and Choice of the Prince gives a Sanction to his Creatures, and cannot be controverted

with as Trea so. But in a mixt and limited Monarchy, where the deepest Reserts of Policy and Turns of Government are in some measure known to Men of Rank and Condition, and where a Right of Impeachment is lodged in the House of Commons, it can never be maintained; for that it would destroy the Constitution, and render the Accusation of Great Officers, tho' never so guilty, impracticable. But I would not here be suppos'd to countenance that scandalous Principle of Appealing to the Mob. I leave such Maxims to the Relations and Friends of a certain Lawyer, who, at the Observator's Trial, had the Impudence, (as the Attorney-General very justly called it) to insinuate, that the Crown was in the Disposal of the People: Nor would I be thought in the least to detract from the Prerogative, which no Man living has in higher Veneration than my self: For I think it never violated but by a profligate abandon'd Nation: And I wish, for the Honour of the English Name, our Annals had recorded no Instances of that kind.

But after all this, New-Moderation-Policy is not more pernicious, and tending to the Destruction of the Government, than it is absurd and ridiculous in it self: For how can Men of common Understanding pretend to look two ways at once, to blow Hot and Cold, and fancy that every Body does not see thro' the pitiful Disguise and Artifice? They call themselves True Sons of the Church; and yet make no scruple of opposing a Bill, which is absolutely necessary for it's Preservation, because forsooth it is offer'd at an unseasonable time; as if it was not as seasonable to make wholesom Laws, as to engage in a Just and Honourable War for the Security of our Constitution: Can they hope for a better Opportunity than the Reign we now enjoy; They would be thought great Favourers of the Church-Party, when upon all Occasions they take care to discountenance them, and encourage only the Profest Enemies of Church and State, under a shallow Pretence, that they are a numerous and formidable Body of Men; and ought therefore to be preferr'd to Places of Honour and Profit, that they may not grow mutinous, and complain of Persecution; which, methinks, should rather be a strong Argument for using all possible Means to suppress such turbulent Aspiring Spirits. Nay, so tender are they of their Dissenting Brethren, That I am told, It has lately been deliver'd as Law by a Great Man in W——r-Hall, That a notorious perjur'd Vagabond, with two Wives at once, being possest of a separate Congregation, tho' without any License, or legal Qualification, to preach to them, shall for that Reason only, be exempt from the late Act for listing Vagrants. I must confess, I cannot imagine how they would define it, or what Moderation, according to these Practices, is. The Logicians have stated no Medium that I know of, between Truth and Falshood; nor the Moralists any between Vertue and Vice: Every Proposition and Principle must necessarily fall under one of these Heads.

There is no need of a Prophetick Spirit to foresee, That they will render themselves odious; and cannot subsist long. I heartily pity some young Gentlemen who are unwarily drawn in: For they will find themselves deceived by their Crafty Leaders; and cannot expect to be receiv'd by their old Friends again. 'Tis much to be lamented, that a late Great Character stain'd the latter Part of his Life. —— But de Mortuis nil nisi bonum.

I hope some Paragraphs in the close of this Poem will at least prove, That I have not writ with Partiality, but have equally commended Merit wherever I found it, without any Regard to a Party.

Modera-

Moderation

DISPLAY'D.

AGain, my Muſe——Nor fear the ſteepy Flight,
Purſue the Fury thro' the Realms of Night;
Explore the Depth of Hell, the ſecret Cauſe,
Whence the New Scheme of *Moderation* roſe.

Now *Faction* re-aſſum'd her Native Throne,
Which proſtrate Fiends with awful Homage own.
A Crown of Eating Flame her Temples bound,
Darting a Blew Malignant Radiance round.
An Iron Scepter in her Hand ſhe bore,
Emblem of Vengeance and Deſtructive Pow'r.
A bloody Canopy hung o're her Head,
Where the *Four* falling *Empires* are pourtray'd.
Monarchs Depos'd beneath her foot-ſtool lie,
And all around is Hell and Anarchy.
Whilſt thus ſhe tow'ring ſat, the Subject Train
With Shouts proclaim'd the Triumphs of her Reign.
Then they the Chaos ſung, and Nature's Jars,
How the firſt Atoms urg'd their *Medley* Wars,
How Civil Diſcord and Inteſtine Rage
Have boild in ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age.

They

They ſung Divided *Albion*'s hapleſs State,
Her Claſhing Senate's Feuds, her lab'ring Church's Fate:
And, as her coming Ruine they expreſt,
A ſullen Rapture ſwell'd in ev'ry Breaſt.
For ſuch the Bent of their Diſtorted Will,
Only to know Delight in Thoughts of ill.
But on a ſudden, Lo! deſcending flew,
A Meagre Ghoſt, which ſoon the Fury knew,
Cethego newly Dead, her Darling Pride,
Whoſe Firm Unwav'ring Faith ſhe long had try'd,
Long in her ſecret Councels had retain'd,
By which her Empire o're our Iſle ſhe gain'd.
No ſooner was arriv'd the Welcome Gueſt,
But him in ſoothing Terms ſhe thus addreſt:
Haill beſt Belov'd of all my Sons, Receive
What Praiſe, what Joy theſe Gloomy Realms can give;
For 'tis to thy Succeſsful Arts I owe
My Reign Above, my Triumph here below.
This ſaid, th'Unbodied Shade obſequious kneel'd,
Struck with Amazement, and with Rapture fill'd,
O mightie Queen! permit me to Adore
Thy Awful Shrine, thy all Informing Pow'r,
Whoſe nearer Influence my Breaſt inſpires
With Glorious Rage, and Miſchievous Deſires.
'T was in Thy Cauſe I ſunk a mouldring Frame,
Unequal to the Hardy Task of Fame.
But ſtill my Mind releas'd from Mortal pains,
Her innate Faculty of Ill retains.
More he had ſaid, but the ſurrounding Throng,
Impatient of delay, purſu'd their Noiſy Song.

Mean time the Fiend revolving in her Thought
The mighty Change *Cethego*'s Death had wrought,
Reſolv'd at length to Summon to her Aid
Each plotting Devil, each Seditious Shade.

She gave the Signal, and a Dreadful Sound
Ran Bellowing thro' all th' Abyss profound.

Then thus she eas'd her anxious Soul. ——
O dearest Friends! O faithful Ministers!
Ye mutual Partners of my Joys, and Cares,
New Ways, new Means my restless Thoughts imploy'd,
How *Albion* to reduce, her Peace destroy.
Long have I labour'd, but alas! in vain,
For now Succeeds the Heav'nly *Anna*'s Reign;
Who watchful Guards a Stubborn People's Good,
But Fears not stagger'd, nor by Force subdud.
Such are the Gifts of her Capacious Mind,
Where Justice, Mercy, Piety are joyn'd.
As Motion, Light and Heat, combin'd in one;
Make up the Glorious Essence of the Sun.
But still she Mortal is, nor will I cease,
Till my Revenge be Crown'd with wish'd Success.
First then, suppose we shou'd devest the Throne
Of Friends, whose Souls are Kindred to her own.
Celsus Disgrac'd, *Hortensio* next appears,
Whose Vigilance still Baffles all my Cares;
To whom by Right of Ancestry belong
A Loyal Heart, and a persuasive Tongue.
Now Plots are form'd, and publick Tempests rowl,
He boasts a strange unshaken Strength of Soul.
Fearless against her Foes the Church sustains,
Alike their Friendship and their Hate disdains,
Disdains their Clamour and Seditious Noise,
Secure in the Applauding Senate's Voice.
Of Noble Stem, in whose *Collat'ral* Lines
Virtue with equal Force and Lustre shines.
When *Suada* pleads, Success attends the Cause,
Suada the Glory of the *British* Laws.
Not the Fam'd Orators of Old were heard
With more attentive Awe, more deep Reguard,

When Thronging round them, their Charm'd Audience hung
On the attracting Muſick of their Tongue.
Nor Hell to *Lælio* can her Praiſe refuſe,
Whoſe Worth deſerves his own recording Muſe;
Who in *Sophia*'s Court, with juſt Applauſe,
Maintain'd his Sov'reign's Rights, his Country's Cauſe.
For 'tis in him, with Anguiſh that I find
All the Endowments of a Gen'rous Mind,
Whate're is Great and Brave, whate're Refin'd.
For 'tis in him Fame doubly does Commend
An Active Patriot, and a Faithful Friend.
Then from his near Attendance be remov'd
Urbano, tho' by All Admir'd and Lov'd;
Tho' his ſweet Temper and obliging Port,
Become his Office, and Adorn the Court,
He ſeems by Nature form'd Mankind to pleaſe,
So Free, ſo Unconſtrain'd in his Addreſs,
Improv'd by ev'ry Vertue, ev'ry Grace.
Senato too, who Bravely does deride
Sempronia's little Arts, and Female Pride;
Whoſe Lofty Look, and whoſe Majeſtick Mein,
Confeſs the tow'ring God-like Soul within.
A Speaker of unparallel'd Renown,
Long in the Senate, long in Council known.
Ally'd to *Celſus* by the Nobleſt Claim,
By the ſame Principles, by Worth the ſame.
Old as he is, ſtill Firm his Heart remains,
And dauntleſs his declining Frame ſuſtains.
So, pois'd on its own Baſe, the *Center* bears
The Nodding Fabrick of the Univerſe.

Be theſe, and ſuch as theſe, diſcharg'd from Court,
The *Better Genii* that the Crown ſupport.
Then in their ſtead, let *Mod'rate* Stateſmen reign,
Practice their new pretended Golden Mean.

A Notion undefin'd in Vertues Schools,
Unrecommended by her ſacred Rules.
A Modern Coward Principle deſign'd
To ſtifle Juſtice, and unnerve the Mind.
A Trick by Knaves contriv'd, impos'd on Fools,
But Scorn'd by Patriot and Exalted Souls.
For *Mod'rate* Stateſmen, like *Camelions* wear
A diffrent Form in ev'ry diff'rent Air.
They ſtick at nothing to Secure their Ends,
Careſs their Enemies, betray their Friends.
The Medley Temper, their Amphibious Mind
Is fraught with Principles of ev'ry kind,
Nor ever can from Stain and Error free,
Aſſert its Native Truth, and Energy?
As the four Elements ſo blended were
In their firſt Chaos, ſo united there,
That ſince they ne're could fully be disjoyn'd,
Each retains ſomething of each other's Kind.
Nor this is wholly Air, nor that pure Flame,
But ſtill in both ſome Atoms are the ſame.

Let *Jano*, ſecond of this Trimming Band,
Next to *Volpone* deck'd with Honours ſtand
Like him for ſecret Policy Renown'd,
Like him with all the Gifts of Cunning crown'd.
None better can the Jarring Senate guide,
Or lure the *Flying-Camp* to either ſide.
Of an Invet'rate old Fanatick Race,
Of Canting Parents, ſprung this Child of Grace.
In Show a *Tory*, but a *Whig* in Heart,
For Saints may ſafely act the Sinner's part.
Once he was ours, and will be ours again,
For Art to ſtifle Nature ſtrives in vain,
For ev'ry thing, when from its *Center* born,
Sill thither tends, ſtill thither will return.

Let him with theſe Accompliſhments ſupply
Hortenſio's ſteddy Faith and Loyalty.
Bruchus, for he has Wealth to buy a Place,
Shall wear *Urbano*'s Key, his Poſt diſgrace.
A worthy Son, in whom collected ſhine
The Follies of his Mad and Ideot Line.
Lord of the woful Countenance, whoſe Skin
Seems ſear'd without, and putrify'd within.
A Dapper Animal, whoſe Pigmy Size
Provokes the Ladies Scorn, and mocks their Eyes.
But Balls and Muſick are his greateſt Care,
So willing is the Wretch to pleaſe the Fair.
'Tis ſtrange, that Men, what Nature has deny'd,
Should make their only Aim, their only Pride.
Let *Britono*, who from the Parent Moon,
Derives his *Welſh* Deſcent directly down,
Succeed *Senato* in his high Command;
And bear the Staff of Honour in his Hand.
A flutt'ring empty Fop, that ev'ry Night,
Sits Laughing loud, and Jeſting in the Pit,
Whilſt a ſurrounding Crowd of Whores and Bawds,
His ſprightly Converſe, and his Wit applauds.
An Atlas proper to ſuſtain the Weight
Of an incumber'd and declining State.
Let theſe, as Uſeful Tools, a while poſſeſs
The Court-Preferments, and indulge their Eaſe.
But they ſhall fly like Miſts before the Sun,
When my Deſigns to full Perfection grown,
Exert their Pow'r, and make the ruin'd World my own.

When thus the Fury had her Scheme Diſplay'd,
Aſſenting Hell a low Obeiſance paid.

Moloch, Protector of the *Papal Chair*,
Author of Maſſacres and Chriſtian War,

Was

Was now convinc'd that Sanguinary Laws
Could ne'er the *Reformation's* Growth oppoſe,
Could never in *Albion's* Church advance his Cauſe.
He therefore urg'd with his old conſtant Hate,
By *mod'rate* Means conſents to work her Fate.
He finds how ſoon by *Toleration's* Aid,
Her Pow'r is weaken'd, and her Rights betray'd.
Nor doubts *Occaſional Conformity*
Will by degrees her Eſſence quite deſtroy.
Then *Satan*, Prince of the *Fanatick Train*,
VVho form'd the Conduct of their *Glorious* Reign,
Approv'd the Scheme, not hoping to reſtore
His Subjects to their late unbounded Pow'r.
For well he knew their Avarice and Pride
Had wean'd the Bankrupt Nation from their Side.
But theſe Auſpicious *Moderation* Times,
By not Detecting, Sanctify their Crimes,
By Baffling Juſtice, and eluding Law,
Make Vice inſult, and Sin *Triumphant* grow.
Nay ſuch th' Effects of *Moderation* are,
The Guilty to reward, as well as ſpare.
Hence Foes to Prelacy are clad in Lawn,
Hence Rebels are the Fav'rites of the *Throne*.
What could they more deſire than thus to paſs
The bleſt Remainder of their happy Days,
Fatted with Plunder, and diſſolv'd in Eaſe?
Nor *Belial*, th' *Atheiſt's* Patron, could complain,
For *Moderation* would enlarge his Reign,
VVhere all unpuniſh'd talk, and live profane,
VVhere Irreligion Providence denies,
Nor dreads the Laws of Earth, nor *Thunder* of the Skies.
Mammon, the *Traders* and the *Courtier's* God,
No ſooner heard the Project but allow'd;
For hence his Vot'ries uncontroull'd might live,
And endleſs Frauds commit, and endleſs Bribes receive.

But moſt *Cethego* the Deſign approves,
Who Dead and Living in *Meander's* moves.
He knew how he deluded hapleſs *James*,
By the ſame wily Arts, and ſubtle Schemes.
Propoſes then, that he alone be ſent,
To execute the Fury's New Intent.

When he had ended, thus ſhe ſoon replies,
Bleſt be the Shade, that can ſo well adviſe,
On thee thy Goddeſs ſmiles, one thee relies.
Fly, nimly to thy Native Soil repair,
Urge and Inforce the well-form'd Council there.
Occaſion favours, the *Cabal* is met
At thy own Manſion, thy belov'd Retreat,
The Muſes Darling Theam, the Graces Seat.
There *Clodio's* and *Sigillo's* anxious Thoughts,
Are brooding o're *Imaginary Plots:*
Whilſt *Bibliopolo* with his awkard Jeſts
Deſerves his Dinner, and diverts the Gueſts.
Bathillo, in his own unborrow'd Strains,
Young *Sachariſſa's* Angel Form profanes:
Whilſt her dull Husband, ſenſleſs of her Charms,
Lies lumpiſh in her ſoft encircling Arms.
For he to Wiſdom makes a Grave Pretence,
But wants alas! his Father's Depth of Senſe.
Howere, ſupplying all Defects of Wit,
He ſhews a true Fanatick Zeal and Heat.

She ſpoke ----- the Spectre in a moment gains
Altropia's Balmy Air, and Flowry Plains.
At his approach the Dome's Foundation ſhook,
When 'midſt their Revels ruſhing in he broke.
Involv'd in Wreaths of Smoke, a while he ſtood,
Seeming at diſtance an unſhapen Cloud.
But ſoon, the Cloud aſcending to the Skies,
He manifeſt was ſeen before their Eyes.

Horror

Horror and Guilt ſhook ev'ry Conſcious Breaſt,
But *Bibliopolo* moſt his Fears expreſt,
Fainting he tumbled-----Paſs we o're the reſt.
Clodio alone fixt and unmov'd appear'd,
And what the Phantom ſaid undaunted heard.
Forbear, my Friends, your Hot purſuits reſtrain,
Behold your lov'd *Cethego* once again.
From *Faction*'s dark unbottom'd Cell I come,
Fraught with *Britannia*'s Fate, and Final Doom.
For, Meditating, Vengeance in her Mind,
At length a Finiſh'd Plan ſhe has deſign'd.
Nor doubts by *Mod'rate* Methods to obtain,
What ſhe by rougher Arts has ſought in vain,
That *Whigs* ſhould Triumph in a *Tory* Reign.

Thus he began, and then proceeds to tell
What *Faction* had before reveal'd in Hell.

Clodio was Raptur'd, and in Terms like theſe,
His Joy and Approbation did expreſs.
Since thy *Divided State* permits, be thou
As once a Friend, a Guardian Genius now.
Give us to execute this Grand Deſign,
Thine be the Conduct, and the Glory thine.
Attempts that often Baffle Humane Care,
By aiding Spirits ſoon effected are;
Their Knowledge in immediate *Intuition* lies,
Nor does, like ours, from long Deductions riſe.

Pleas'd with this Anſwer, the Retiring Ghoſt
Condens'd the ambient Air, and in a Cloud was loſt.

Here ceaſe thy Satyr, Muſe, and form thy Tongue
To louder Numbers and Heroick Song:
Here Celebrate, unbyaſs'd as thou art,
The Triumphs of *Sempronia*'s other Part,
Nor let her Stain the Hero's High Deſert.

Now

Now the *Imperial Eagle* hung her Head,
Drooping ſhe Mourn'd her wonted *Thunder* fled.
Now was ſhe fitted for a foreign Yoke,
Her Sceptre nodded, her Dominion ſhook.
Such was the tott'ring State of Antient *Rome*,
When Conqu'ring *Hannibal* pronounc'd her Doom,
When yet the fatal *Capua* was unknown,
That blaſted all the Laurels *Canne* won.
Where ſhall ſhe Succour ſeek? Or whither fly?
Shall ſhe for ever in Confuſion lie?
Shall the firſt Kingdom of the *Chriſtian World*
Be un-reliev'd in endleſs Ruine hurl'd?
Not ſo? her Aid Auſpicious *Anna* brings,
Anna the Angel of unhappy Kings.
She ſends *Camillo* with an *Engliſh Force*,
To ſtem the Ravaging *Invader's* Courſe.
France and *Bavaria* now in vain Combine,
In vain their Fierce unnumber'd Legions joyn,
In vain the Thunderbolts of War oppoſe:
Eugenio and *Camillo* are their Foes.
Like *Cæſar*, Both for Stratagems Renown'd,
Like *Alexander*, Both with Martial Fury crown'd.

At length the Great Deciſive Day drew near,
On which alone depended all the War.
At length the Fight began, the Cannon roar'd,
Nor knew *The Empire* yet her Sov'reign Lord.
But ſoon *Camillo* with reſiſtleſs Arms,
With doubled Rage, the Hoſtile Troops alarms.
The Troops, that thought no Valour match'd their own,
Till *Engliſh* Courage bore them headlong down.
Before his Conqu'ring Sword they vanquiſh'd fly,
Or in the Field, or in the *Danube* die.
The *Danube* reeking ran a Purple Flood,
Swell'd and diſtain'd with Deluges of Blood.

O were I Poet equal to my Theam!
The *Future World* ſhould wond'ring read this Stream;
Where many Thouſands Warriors more were ſlain,
Or than on *Xanthus* Banks, or the *Pharſalian* Plain:
Tho' theſe to all Exploits are far preferr'd,
One by the *Grecian*, one the *Roman* Bard.
Hence is the *Empire* to it ſelf reſtor'd,
Revolting Nations Recognize their Lord.
Lewis no more ſhall God-like Titles Claim,
Nor *Europe* aw'd and Trembling dread his Name.
Hence a new Scene of Happineſs appears,
A long Succeſſive Train of Golden Years.
So ſav'd *Demetrius* the *Athenian State*,
Oppreſs'd by Foes, and ſunk with adverſe Fate.
No ſooner was the Bloodly Battle won,
But all his Fame with Adoration own;
But on the Mighty Victor they beſtow'd,
The Sacred Stile and *Honours* of a God.
But tho' no Alters we profanely raiſe,
But tho' a leſs, we pay a juſter Praiſe,
All but the Blind Idolatry intend,
Which ridicules the Glorious Worth it would commend.

When with his *Eaſtern* Spoils, returning home,
Auguſtus enter'd his applauding *Rome*,
Virgil and *Horace* waited on his Fame,
Glad to record the Muſes Patron's Name;
And well could they in everliving Strains.
Deſcribe his Triumphs, and Reward his Pains.
But Modern *Heroes*, tho' as truly Brave
As thoſe of Old, not equal Poets have.
No *Virgils* now, nor *Horaces*, to raiſe
Trophies proportion'd to their Deathleſs praiſe.
An *Addiſon* perhaps, or *Tate* may writ;
Volpone pays them for their *Venal* Wit.

But since my Muse warm'd with a *Generous* Flame,
Unbrib'd would eternize *Camillo*'s Name;
Let him accept such Homage as she brings,
Nor think that wholly unimpir'd she Sings.

But, Goddess, still one Labour more remains,
Still *Nereo* claims thy Tributary Strains;
Tune thy Harmonious Voice to *Nereo*'s Praise,
A Subject pregnant with immortal Lays.
'T is he extends the Heav'nly *Anna*'s Reign,
High as the Stars, unbounded as the main.
'Tis he, whose Valour the *Batavian* Wars
Inur'd to Glory from his greener Years.
'Tis he *Le Hogue*'s opposing Ord'nance bore,
Nor fear'd the Lightnings blasts, nor Thunders roar.
'Tis He, with *Scipio* Darling of our Isle,
From vanquish'd *Vigo* forc'd the *Indian* Spoil.
'Tis He the *Streights Defence* so lately storm'd,
A Town by Nature fortify'd and arm'd.
'Tis He, unequal far in Force, o'recame
A Fleet secure of Conquest and of Fame,
A Fleet by vast Expence for Fight prepar'd,
At once the *Spaniards* Terror and their Guard.
For what can *English* Bravery withstand,
When *Nereo* or *Camillo* do Command?
It vindicates the Sea, and Triumphs o're the Land.
'Tis He Detraction's Baleful Breath has born,
But with a Noble and Heroick Scorn.
For let his Foes this just Monition have,
Envy's the Coward's Homage to the Brave.
So *Aristides* long with Malice strove,
Nor could his Vertue win a Factious People's Love.

4. JU 62

FINIS.